

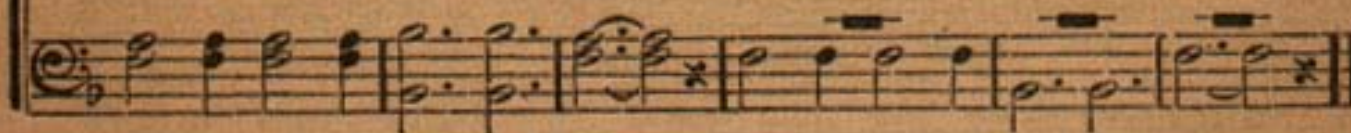
1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, }  
 { While the nearer wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high; }  
 D. C. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.



D. C.



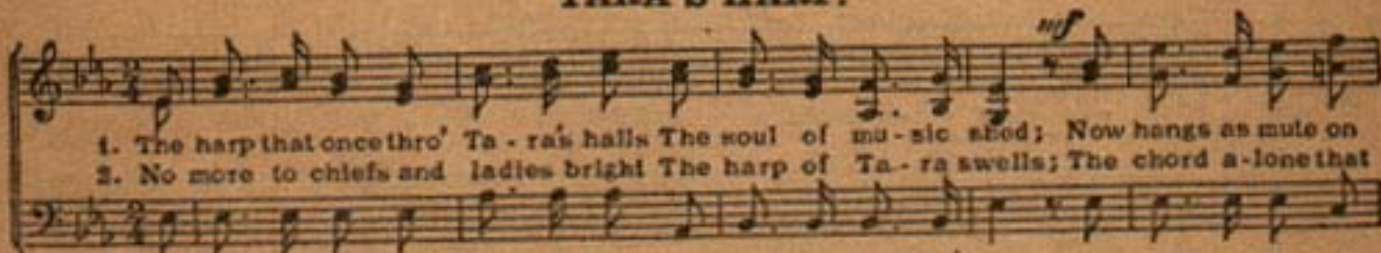
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;



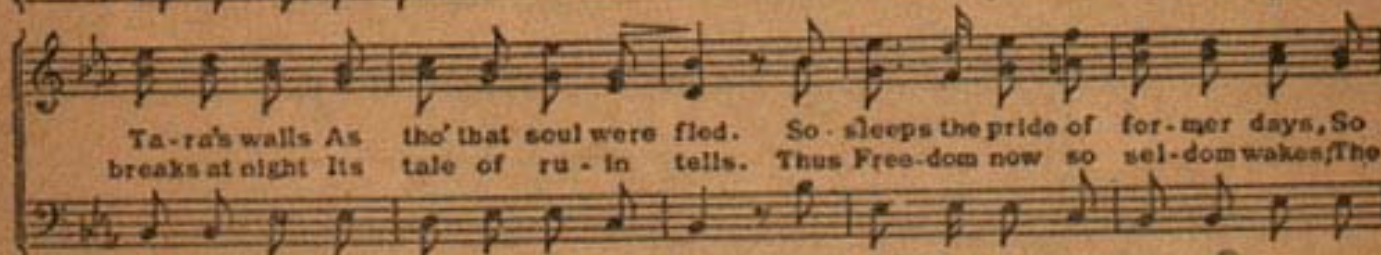
2 Other refuge have I none,  
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
 Leave, oh, leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me.  
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
 All my help from Thee I bring;  
 Cover my defenseless head  
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,  
 More than all in Thee I find;  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick and lead the blind.  
 Just and holy is Thy name;  
 I am all unrighteousness;  
 Vile and full of sin I am,  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

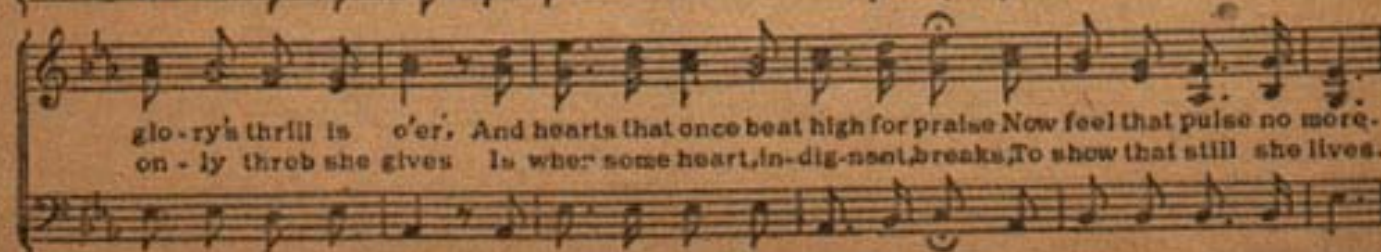
## TARA'S HARP.



1. The harp that oncethro' Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic shed; Now hangs as mute on  
 2. No more to chiefs and ladies bright The harp of Ta - ra swells; The chord a - lone that



Ta - ra's walls As tho' that soul were fled. So - sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So  
 breaks at night Its tale of ru - in tells. Thus Free - dom now so sel - dom wakes, The



glo - ry's thrill is o'er, And hearts that once beat high for praise Now feel that pulse no more -  
 on - ly thro' she gives Is wher some heart, in - dig - nant, breaks, To show that still she lives.